QUR SCIENTIFIC PARTY.

A VISIT OF AMERICANS TO THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

mants They Saw While Going to Observe the Eclipse-The Ring of Ashantee's 0.885 Wives-Many Hundreds of De-ported Convicts Watking the Streets in Leands-The Native Markets-Guyly. London-Inc. Market A. Falling Me-toor Causes a Falso Alarm-Millions of Tiny White Insects Counterfelt Hoow. St. PAUL DE LOANDA, Africa, Jan. 4, 1890, ...

Instead of going direct to this city from Free Town, we stopped for coal at Elmins, on the Gold Coast, on the evening of Nov. 26, when we anchored two miles off Elmina. All night long the roar of the water dashing against the shore could be heard. Owing to the swell of the ecean here boats cannot be safely landed, so sances managed by natives are used. Shortly after daylight in the morning I went to the port so as to have a view of the town. A large stone structure attracted my attention. This to the eastle erected by the Dutch in 1481, when they ruled this territory. At 9 o'clock five of us took a cance and started for the shore. As we neared the land we were tossed by the | guese convicts, for Angola is a penal settle-

sea. This is the Cidade Alta or high city, built upon high ground, and containing most of the Government buildings. To the front is the Cidade Baixu or low city, built on the sandy shore of the bay, which is formed by a long and very narrow island of sand projecting several miles out in the sea. The population is fully 15,000, of which about

3,000 are whites. These live for the most part in the high town in houses that are large. made of stone, and roofed with a peculiar red tile. All Portuguese houses that I saw in Angola not only at Loanda but also in the interior, are of the same general description. Many of them have one story, but those of the more wealthy have two stories. These houses are very old, being built when Loanda was an important port for the embarkation of slaves for Brazil. The timber for them was brought by the slave dealers from Brazil as a return cargo. The rafters and floors seem to be as sound as ever, not being at all injured by the white ants and other insects that are so injuri-ous to the woods grown in Angola. At no time have I seen a carpet in any house. This is on account of the great multitude of ants and the injurious effects of mildew.

The 3,000 whites in Loanda are mostly Portu-



A GLIMPSE OF LOANDA HABBOR.

waves, and it seemed as though they would | ment. Capital punishment was abolished in capsize the cance, but the natives of the Gold | Portugal many years ago, and criminals of all Coast are very skilful in managing their cances, and we felt no alarm. Before we realized it each native leaped from the cance, slezed a passenger, and, holding him above his head, parried him through the spray and placed him on the dry sand. They now begged us for a dash," which meant money for drink.

There are only a few European merchants and English officers at the place. The natives belong to the Panti tribe, and many of them are civilized, but the larger part continue to practise their native customs. Directly best of the Gold Coast is the kingdom of Ashantoe, A half century ago the Ashses were much more powerful than now.

HOW APRICAN BABIES ARE CARRIED.

classes are sent to Loanda for life or a term of years. A man who has been convicted of murder or of any crime in Portugal is furnished free transportation for himself and family to Loanda. Here he is registered on the list of convicts at the fort, and is then really a free man, for all that is required of him is that he man, for all that is required of him is that he shall report at the fort every night. He can engage in any business and lie and cheat to his own content. Many a convict has become a rich and influential citizen of Loanda. It is impossible to tell a convict from one who is not, so you are liable to be purchasing goods from a murderer and not be aware of the fact. The convict gentlemen usually behave well and cause little or no trouble. If one should murder a native, probably he would meet with no punishment; but if his victim is a white man he would be sent to Mozambioue and there enlisted as a soldier. I would not wish to be understood as saying that there are no re-



WOMEN BEARING BURDENS. plete and barbarous a despotism as is to be

plete and barbarous a despotism as is to be found anywhere. The King has absolute authority over both the property and lives of his people. The more wives a man has the higher is his social importance. The number which a man in private life may have is limited by his ability to purchase and support them. But the number of wives which the King may have is limited by law to the modest number of 3,333, and it is said that he usually does not far exceed this limit. At any rate, he must have more wives than any of his subjects or his respectability will suffer.

I was told by the American consular agent at Elmina that the present King actually has 3,333 wives and that he has 600 children. All the King has to do to get a wife is to choose any female he pleases, no matter how young she may be.





NATIVE CITIZENS OF LOANDA

Girls are often chosen when less than 10 years ald, and in such cases they are left with their mothers until of mature age, when they are taken to join the rest of the wives. No man is ever allowed to see any of the King's wives and hould be even accidentally see one his punishment is death. These wives during the working season attend to the King's plantations, but the rest of the time they live at Coomassie, the Ashantee capital, where they cocupy two long streets. When they go out for a walk in a body, as is often the case, they are preceded by a number of sunuchs, who herald their coming, that all men may disappear and avoid seeing them. When this is im-possible they must fall on their faces to the ground. If a white man happens to be there and does not understand the law, the eunuchs

turn his face away from the advancing women. fifty-one days, the Pensacola anchored in the the capital of Angola, is situated. The greater part of Loanda can be seen many miles at

feared some scheme was on foot by which they would be obliged to again leave home. The natives of Loanda belong to various tribes and are for the most part industrious, after their fashion, peaceable, and very civil to the whites. Many of the men conduct small styres, others work for the merchants, still others act as carriers, for as there are no horses, few mules, and not many oxen, men must do the work usually required of such animals. The three markets are carried on by the women. In the largest market vegetables and truite are the principal products sold. A native market nessents a carrious scene to the stranger. As he enters he sees perhaps 200 women squatting on the ground with their wares before them. The lathering of these women endeavoring to sell and the crying of their babies is enough to deafen one. Nearly every native woman you see has a baby, and they all take them to the market and leave them to roil about maked on the ground in the broiling sum with the haif-stayed dogs and pigs. They are carried on their mothers' backs, fastened by means of a cloth which leaves only the head free to swing helplessiy about in every direction. I have seen a woman washing clothewith her baby on her back, and as she rubbed on the washboard the baby was of course, jerked back and forth, and its head flopped to and fro. This was kept up for hours.

trees in the principal street. Cloth and dry goods of the most gaudy colors are retailed here by black women attired in their own wares, presenting a tidy appearance in marked contrast with the women of the other markets. These goods are sold mostly to natives from the interior, who prefer to buy in the open air rather than at the stores. The third market is the fish market, where lished all kinds and sizes are scaled and chopped by women. The waters abound in edible lish of the best kinds.

more healthful location for the camp could not have been selected, nor one better adapted to the landing of instruments which had to be set up and adjusted in a short time.

One day a half dozen natives, with teeth filed to a point in true cannibal style, came from far in the interior to take a look at us. Ever anxious to get photographs of such novel groups. I began to set up my camera, but no sooner did I roint the lens at them than away they scampered, defeating my purpose.



Probably at no other place on the west coast will one find such variety in pative dress. A large number of the men wear anything that they can get to put around the waist. The law requires them to do at least that. Pieces of coffee sack or flithy cloth of any kind are used.



MR. LOOMIS OF THE ORSERVING PARTY. But many take pride in their dress, and will wear clean and gay cloth from the waist to the knees. Some have a regular skirt extending to the ankles, and a short coat and a hat. Many of the Cabinda tribe dress in this costume, wear their hat on the side of the head,

Already Prof. Cleveland Abbe had erected

Already Prof. Cleveland Abbé had erected his meteorological station, and was assiduously making observations of the clouds and weather. How after hour he paced around his barrel without shade or awning in sunlight or in storm, regardless of the commotion.

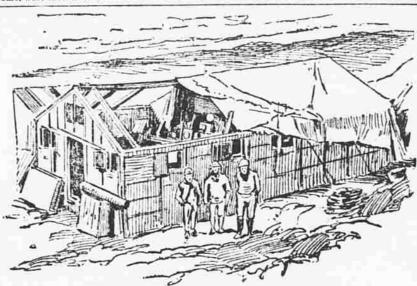
On Dec. 14 we had another visit from the natives. These I succeeded in photographing. That night and the next day it was noticed that they lingered around, having established a camp about a mile away. On the night of the 15th we all had come off to the ship, leaving the camp in charge of the marine guard. The night was beautiful. Officers and members of the expedition were quietly resting, roading, or writing. Suddenly the watchman reported a danger signal on shore. A red rocket was fired. Immediately on the ship all was commotion. The order was given to man all boats with armed crews. Four boat loads of men were sent ashore. We could see a light at the natives' camp, at times flashing up bright, then almost entirely obscured, as though signals were being made to negroes in the interior. Evidently some trouble was brewing. Rockets on shore were being sent up thick and fast, and answering lights were displayed on the ship. The boats were soon to the shore and the men landed. Soon a shot was heard, and then another and another. Then the firing coased, and everything seemed quiet, Presently the beats returned, and an officer reported: "All safe: lights brightly burning; everything quiet in camp."

ently the boats returned, and an officer reported: "All safe: lights brightly burning; everything quiet in camp."

The excitement was over. The firing was not at the natives. The red signal was only a large meteor that had burst and fallen some distance back of the camp and had been mistaken for a rocket by the watchman. This was our thrilling experience with the cannihals.

On the day of the eclipse, Dec. 22, our hearts were light at the prospect of a clear afternoon for the observations. But, alsas for our hopes, during totality the sun and moon were entirely obscured by the clouds. Before and after totality 110 pictures of the various phases were obtained by the 46-foot telescope.

Next morning I started for a walk of several miles up the river bed into the interior. Gorgeous butterflies flitted about my head, but I noticed most of all after getting away



TWENTY-PIVE TELESCOPES POINTING THROUGH THE ROOF.

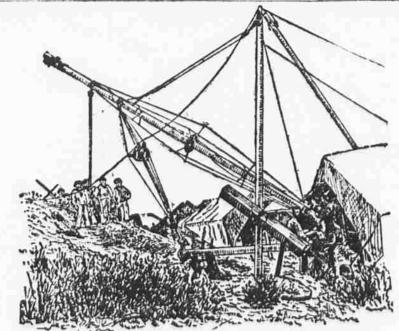
and carry a cane. It is easy to recognize a Cabinda by this dress. Those who can afford it wear the white man's coat and trousers, and hand, and found that it was a cloud of very and carry a cane. It is easy to recognize a Cabinda by this dress. Those who can afford it wear the white man's coat and trousers and perhaps the "too hpick" shoes of the Fortuguese. The ordinary dress of the women consists of a dark cotton doth, folded around the body to the armplis. The better class wear colored cloth folded in the same manner, and another piece for the shoulders. Bright-colored beads are often worn in the hair, on the neck and wrists. Often these women dress in colors that become their skin, and really look very neat. The majority of the native women show a sense of modesty when a white man is present. At such a time they will nearly always take pains to see that their cloth is properly folded about their persons.

On the evening of Dec. 7 the Pensacola steamed out of the Bay of Leanda, taking to Cape ledo the astronomical observers. About noon the next day anchor was dropped in Mastole Bay, seventy miles south of Leanda. Very soon we went ashore to select a location for our envampment and to take sextant observations for determining the geographical position. In the course of the next few days camp houses and tents were erected and the work of putting up instruments began.

Qualls, such as are on our own Western prairies, guinea fowls, and rabbits are very abundant here. Antelopes are often seen outlined on the distant horizon, Parrota and cocknook keep up a continual noise in the tree around the camp. Wildcats, hyenas, and



PROP. ABRE MARING OBSERVATIONS. small insects, differing from butterflies only in size. Through the grass ran hundreds of lizards, varying in length from one to eleven



TAKING PROTOS OF THE ECLIPSE.

leopards prowl about fearlessly at night. The bay abounds with fish. The officers of the ship made good use of these advantages by going hunting nearly every day, and, being good marksmen, they succeeded in providing the table with vention and fowl, while the sailors remaining on the ship brought many a fish from the water to the frying pan. There are no marshes or lowlands near, and consequently no African fever. A more pleasant or

After a Pardon for Cashler Hicks.

STAFFORD SPRINGS, March 8 .- A movement is on foot at Washington to get a pardon for Cashier Hicks of this place, who is in Wethersfield State prison for violating the national banking laws. Mr. Hicks nearly ruined the Stafford Springs National Bank, and was put in prison on a four-years' sentence. Mr. Buck of Stafford presented Hicks's case in a favor-able light to the President, and it is believed the petition for a pardon will be granted. His fellow townsmen are in lealent mood toward the ex-ceshier.

inches. Large ant hills were here and there on the banks of the river, and birds of gay plumage flitted about in the baobab and phytelephas trees.

It was very enjoyable to walk through and among these interesting objects of nature: but we could not stay for ever, and as soon as houses and ten's could be taken down and instruments packed, we left for Saint Paul de Loands.

C. A. Ors.

A sizable two-story huilding was being moved along Commercial street yesterday morning when it slewed across the railroad drack obstructing the way for the morning Grand Trunk passenger train. The conductor and engliser were equal to the occasion, and the locomotive was attached to the rope by which the building was drawn. Steam was put on and something had to come. In a few moments the structure was pulled clear from the track, and the train passed on to its western connection. A locomotive drawing a house was cartainly a unique sish.

A LITTLE OFF ONCE A YEAR. The Queer Fresh of a Specessful Bustness Man and Conststent Backelor

He was one of the most delightful old

cherubs you ever saw, and yet he was one of the youngest men in the town. He is not known to the high rollers, for he is seen in the public resorts just once a year. This is on St. Valentine's day, and it was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the afternoon of last St. Valentine's day when the droll and interesting creature stepped briskly into the corridor through the swinging storm doors. There were many prominent men in the corridor, for it was well along toward dusk and the stream of up-town travel was at full ebb Over in yonder corner was ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, and not far away was ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Charles E. Coon, and close at hand were Col. Fred Crawford and Major Hayes and any number of others. They did not notice the neat and trim figure of a man a little beyond 60, wearing gold-bowed glasses and saffron-hued top gaiters, with smooth-shaven face and broad-brimmed Derby and wearing a dark business suit. His face was rosy and good-natured, and he bowed to one or two friends as he passed along in the direction of the barroom. One of these gentlemen knew the stranger very well. and he thought that his friend ought also to know him. An introduction followed.

It would be contrary to good taste in this instance to mention the rosy-cheeked gentleman's name, but it is sufficient to say that he is one of the important men in one of New York's biggest corporations. In the desultory conversation which followed the man with the saffron-hued top gaiters was very frank. He said he had been to every sparring exhibition in and around New York in the last twenty years. He had been present at both the Sullivan fights in Louisiana, and as he sipped his Scotch whiskey and soda he said that he was a Yankee from the day he was born in an interior county of New York State. This was in response to the jocular remark of a gentleman who knew him well that he looked more like Pickwick. He was round and chubby like that immortal creature. He had the same dignity and inelination to the humorous side of life, and there was a gentleness and tenderness about him which found expression in almost every

remark he made. The subject turned on scrap books and their value to a man of affairs. It was immediately made known that the stranger who only appears in public resorts on St. Valentine's day kept the most unique scrap book probably of any man in the country. He carries it with him on that day, and it consists of a little Russia book, glit edged, in which, between the leaves on tiny printed slips, are quotations from Mr. Thackeray. Once a year, on St. Valentines day, the quaint creature loads the tiny scrap book with the quotations and starts out to distribute them. He usually prefers to have one of his business friends go along with him in order to be the recipient of the quotations. On this occasion after some parleying he invited the new friend to accompany him on his rounds. After another smack of Scotch whiskey and soda he again remarked that he only went around once a year, and saying good evening to the acquaintance who introduced the friend to him, he made straight for the billiard room in the basement of the hotel Half of the billiard tables were occupied, and two of the pool tables were in full blast. Looking ever the throng in the billiard room and glancing at the players he opened the little Russia book, and taking a slip from it he handed ed it to his companion. It read:

All amasements of youth to which virtuous women are not aimsted are, reigo out, destectious in their nature. He said never a word as he handed the slip out, and presently he dropped into one of the big armediairs, and as he puffed a huge perfect he talked very intelligently about carroin games and cushion and other games in which the ivories play an important part. He was sedate and dignified, but he seemed all the time as if he wanted to be on the gd, and in a few minutes he said:

"Come, let's be going."

Through the stained glass swinging doors of the Hoffman House he went his way, and was soon reaming around the famous art gailery. He did not notice the clumps standing up in front of the square bar until he had gone completely around the room, then he stopped, and, puiling out the red book, he handed this out:

All me who avoid female society have duit erceptions and are suigled, or have gross tastes and revoit avaints wat is pure. any man in the country. He carries it with him on that day, and it consists of a little Rus-

All men who avoid female society have dull percep-tions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure.

He smiled as the friend read this, and then He smiled as the friend read this, and then suggested that perhaps another drop of Scotch whiskey and sida would not do him any harm. He again explained that he had but one holiday in the year, and he longed for its approach as a bride would her wedding day. As he left the Hoffman House he stambled into one of the touselled tramps in the Tenderloin precinct. With just, porhaps, the slightest exclamation of displeasure he stopped immediately, and from his little book fished out this:

clamation of displeasure he stopped immediately, and from his little book fished out this:

No man has a right to despuse his dress in this world.

He seemed highly pleased at this sentiment and did not for a second recognize its incongruity, and proposed a visit to Delmonico's café. He refreshed himself here with a small glass of sherry as he sat at one of the tables. He studied every face that outered, and to his friend he was fast becoming one of the oldest creatures on earth. He seemed to recognize this suspicion, but beyond the explanation that he was sound enough to make \$40.000 a year he did not care to say anything further. But again pulling the little book from the top pocket of his waistcoat, and looking through the window at a beyor passing beauties, he asked that this should be kept as one of his dearest treasures:

I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine or to admire claways in honesty, a prefix grit than desike the smel of a rose or turn away your eyes from a landcape.

By that time he was ready to start up Fifth

By that time he was ready to start up Fifth By that time he was ready to start up Fifth avenue. The gas lamps were twinkling up the long line, and he trotted ahead with apparently no destination in view. His companion was close at his heels, wondering what the rubicund creature would do next. He stopped suddenly on the northwest corner of Thirty-first street and looked toward Broadway.

"Do you see that awning: "said he, pointing to one of the usual awnings used to protect the greats at an afternoon tea, as it stretched from

guests at an afternoon tea, as it stretched from the main geor of a mansion down to the street curb. Without another word he hauled out this and sliently handed it to his companion:

this and silently handed it to his companion:
Lie not learning, it is not virtue about which people
inquire in society. It is manners.

Another two block up the avenue were passed
before he thought it necessary to have recourse to the scrap book. A cluster of young
men attired in the highest fashion then passed
by, all with charactes and huge canes and
cape coats. They were loping along in the
peculiar step of the young man of fashion of
New York and for the first time on the trip the
Pickwickian creature gave a little grunt of disapprobation as he handed out this: I say to you, make yourself a ladies's man as much as

ever you can.

His companion pocketed all the admonitions and struggled to keep up with the odd little cherub in his brisk walk up the avenue. Just this side of Forty-second street a long woman dressed all in black passed him. Without a word he stepped up under the gaslight and handed out this to the reporter:

handed out this to the reporter:

"Ipray sincerely, my boy, that you may always have a woman for a friend."

It should be remembered that very little conversation, if any passed between the gentleman with the saffron-hued top rafters and his commanion. He seemed bent on walking and walking and observing overything that would give him an outportunity to thrust one of the little printed slips on to his companion. But the oddest freak was when he passed the church of the Heavenly Riest, and noticed a group of five women, three young and two middle-axed, close to the fron gates of the Church. Glancing at them critically, he handed out this from his reservoir in his walstcoat.

Sr. I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the word volker or libhunored remorrous or narrow minded, mean schemers south law hunters, slaves of fashion. Bypecrities

Why he selected this one just then he did not explain. He said that he would not continue his trip further up town than the Windsor Hotel, and indifferently expressed the hope that his companion was no largara. On up to the hotel he went, but he did not stop there long. He refreshed himself with another spoonful of sherry and sturied toward Sixth avenue. Just as he passed one of the line homes in West Forty-sixth street a handsomely dressed lady came down the stoop and entered a coups. The tiger slammed the door and numped upon the box, and the brilliantly lighted vehicle rattled toward Fifth avenue. "I know I have one that will suit that occasion." remarked the brisk little gentleman, and stopping under street iamp to pull out this:

Madam if the gont and the cassom of the world permitted I would knest and kies the hem of your lady-ship robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your extring is a holday.

On down the avenue he trotted, his glistening glasses always turned to passers-by. In the neighborhood of Forty-second street he observed young women strolling slowly along the stroet. They apparently were out for an evening walk. The little g "lpray sincerely my boy, that you may always have a woman for a friend."

Casino. The little gentleman by this time was getting abit hungry. It was now after a deleck, and he had appreciated his trip to its fullest extent. He was satisfied with all the ward, comfortable in svery one of his expressions, and a delightful companion. All this suddenly changed, though, as he eptered one of the swell restaurants near the Hotel Mariborough and met face to face a young woman, say of about 30. She had a meek-looking escort with her, who did not receive a giance from the man with the quaint scrap book. He glanded hurrledly at the young woman and noticed that an unpleasant from was upon her face. When seated at the table, and after a dainty little dinner had been ordered, the here of St. Valentine's Day handed another slip out with the sententious remark:

"Did you observe that secwling creature I met at the door?"

This was the slip he thought appropriate for the occasion:

A woman who cannot laugh is a wet blanket on the kindly nuntial couch. the occasion

This was the slip he thought approved the occasion:

A woman who cannot lough is a wet blanket so the kindly noutial couch.

The little gentleman dawdied over his dinner for a couple of hours. He talked on almost every subject of the day, brilliantly and comprehensively. He was well versed in all the financial questions, was accusingted with political stories in New York and Washington, but up to that hour had not vouchasied even the most passing allusion to himself. He did not seem to care to speak of his affairs specifically, though perhaps that was not strange seeing that his companion up to that evening had been an absolute stranger to him. He did insist, though, that he had extended a great orivilege to the reporter in permitting him to go the rounds with him. He said it was a privilege he did not accord to everybody, for he seemed to believe that some of his friends looked upon him as a mild edition of a freak. But it was time to be going, and with the remark that he had but one more slip to give out he invited his companion to visit a well-known connert hall in the Tenderion precinct. No liquors are solid at this hall, for the simple and emphatic cause that the proprietor cannot obtain all cense. There is plenty of music, such as it is, but the frequenters have to contect themselves with temperance drinks. This does not diminish the audience, and when the Pickwickian creature and his companion energed the hall it was crowded. There were many women there, some young and others well on toward middle life. They were seated at tables conversing with young men, and others who looked like business men. The littie gentleman selected a table where there were no women and requested the waiter, who steeped up to serve him and his companion, to see that none were permitted to sit at that table. Well, he sat there for an hour looking over the scene, tapping his fluore of the dancing with boyish eagerness. All this time his companion was in a quandary as to what was coming next. But no explanation of any kind and no

He respectful to every woman. A maniy and gener-ous heart can be no otherwise: as a man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in church.

gentic with a child, or take of his hat in church.

He then left, and under the glare of the lights on the street he wished his companion good luck and good night.

It was afterward learned from the man's friends that he is a bachelor, living in handsome apartments near Central Park, and that he often quietly remarked that he did not know a woman in New York. He has a valet, and has never even exchanged a word with his laundress. This valet negotiates with the laundress and his landlady. In the summer holiday the odd bachelor visits most of the watering places, accompanied by his valet, but on all these trips he steers clear of the ladles.

Once a year, on St. Valentine's Day, he breaks loose from the clutches of his valet, and goes on the trip which has just been described.

CHICAGO'S WHITECHAPEL CLUB. Punches Drunk From Murderers' Skulls in

a Room Pull of Chastly Emblems, From the Chicago Pribune.

a Room Pull of Ghastiy Emblems.

Prom the Chicago Pribuse.

Within the last few days the Whitechapel Club of Chicago has drawn on itself the eye of the nation. Chauncey M. Dupew and Rosweil P. Flower have wired it weird congratulations over the location of the World's Fair.

And this is the Whitechapel Club.
Out of Clark street, into a misty, muddy alley: then comes La Saile street; over the car tracks and once more in the dark and dlingy alley. A few steps, this is Calhoun place. On one side is the basement den where the messengers do congregate: on the other shine the lights that "burn o' nights" over the Whitechapel Club.
The room is triangular. Long, harrow tables run through the centre spaces. Skulls of murderest lie on the table, and out of them "Whitechapel Club." a distinctive character. There one finds the rope that hanged the three Italians who did that ghastly murder on the west side, and handcuffs that sateguarded Burke on his unpleasant journey from Winnipeg iangle against the chandeller. The walls are dark with pletured crimes—Japanese and others—and the ceiling flares down with synchromatic wickedness.

The fireplace glows with a whimsically drunken light; there is an insufring facetiousness in the gargie of the emptying bottles.

For it must be admitted that the Whitechapel man drinks now and again. The punch is brewed in a Japanese bowl that fancies forth the old Goddess of Death. And then it is turned out—the punch, of course—into skulls, fashioned as cups. The king oup of them all is made from the cranium of Bad Charlic." A few years ago he was truched in Wyoming. He had murdered a woman and three bables, and a few men who thought they recognized a breach of ciquette in the affair shot him down on the windy, gray-grass plains.

The Whitechapel Club meets at 12 o'clock sharp at night. Lights which have been shimmering through the eyes and noses of skulls are turned out. The roll is called.

Sing:

Bung:

Bung:

"Bing!"
"Bung!"
"Bung!"
"Bung!"
Sudden noises startle the guests. They are
the responses of the members to their names
as called by the Secretary. Each member has
a number, and he answers when it is called by
exploding a torpedo.
The President stands in a corner. He is a
life-size effigy of Jack the Ripper, after the
scepe of whose murders the club is named.
The Vice-President presides, sitting at the corner of the triangular table which fills the
centre of the room. The Secretary, Charles
Perkins, clerk of Judge Collins's court, sits on
his right.

his right.
"The King's taster will now enter," says the
President. President,
Henry Koster, the club's purveyor, enters,
He dips out a brimming glass of the punch,
which fills the large, snake-wreathed punch
bowl, the largest ever cast in America. He puts
it to his lips and drains it.

"If the King's taster lives two minutes,"
says the President, "the club will proceed to
business."

Dusiness."

The King's taster lives and the club proceeds to business.

The window-curtain shade is drawn down by a string. It contains in plain printed letters the programme for the evening. Just enough of the programme is exposed to reveal what is

to occur next.
"We drink!" the members and guests read

of the programme is exposed to reveal what is to occur hext.

"We drink!" the members and guests read in glowing letters.
And they drink.
Down comes the curtain another notch.

"We drink again!", it reads.
And the members and guests drink again.
The curtain fails another half inch. A comic peem is to be recited by some theatrical celebrity who is present. He recites it, and the club rooms eebo with cheers for three minutes after he sits down.

The curtain fails another half inch.

"To our patron saint and Fresident," says the Chairman, raising his glass of punch.

Then the health of Jack the lipper is drank. It is drank until the framed panel containing the club's charter from the State of Illinois—the object. "social reform"—shakes with the acclaim.

Dr. G. Frank Lydston or some other medical celebrity, who happens to be a member, reads a paper on "Knives." The knives he tells about are the sort with which Jack the Bipper carves up his victims. Cheers follow.

Billy Mason, the Congressman, an "inert" member—because he cannot be an "active" member, owing to his residence in Washington during the winter—tells a story. He is in the city of his constituents over Sunday, and he improves his fame this Saturday night. He tells a good story, and applause for four minutes succeeds.

The lights that shine with ghostly glare through the skulls' eyes are turned down to stars. A member has been struck by the punch—the Whitechapel quanch. His head hangs over his broast. The Whitechapel death chant is sung:

chant is sung:

Fice as a bird to the mountains, Ye who are weary of siz.

Prof. Steinbach plays "Peace and War" on his zither. The club goes wild over it.

Then songs, stories, repartee, jokes follow until a actock comes, and it is announced by the purvoyer that it is time to turn into the nearest Turkish bath.

The meetings occur only once a month.

Beath of an Arctic Whaler. Nonwich, March 7 .- News has been re-

ceived in this city announcing the death at Aspen, Col., of Capt, John L. Williams, a native of Ledyard in this county and a noted Arctic voyager. A daughter survives at Ledyard. Capt. Williams was commander of the bark the street. They apparently were out for an evening walk. The little geniteman passed on, but in the next two blocks he handed out these three slips in quick succession:

Respect all beauty, all innecease, my dear Robi defend all defencelessness in your sister as in the sisters of other men. One of the great benefit a young man may derive from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect from woman's ociety is that he is bound to be respect that the cast. In his last ship waters before it is fit to eat. In his last ship waters befo

HOW THE TEXAS HORSE WON. REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD DAYS OF

QUARTER-HORSE BACING.

n Interesting and True Story of a Great Race Sun Ten Years Age Near the Mex-tean Border -- Could This Morse Rus Away from Our Crack Thoroughbreds,

A number of racing men were seated in the barroom of the St. James Hotel a few evan ings since admiring the many handsome pictures of equine celebrities that hang upon the walls, and discussing the merits of the various candidates for the big spring handicaps. One of the gentlemen, whose glass was poled in mid-sir, pointed to a very life-like picture of Troubadour, with Fitzpatrick up. saying:

"There, gentlemen, is the portrait of the festest horse we have ever had in this country, He could run aimile in 1:38 just as easily as Kingston can cover the same distance in 1:41. and if he had stood training I believe the mile record would be at the figures I have mantioned. You all remember Stuyvesant's great mile in 1:40 at Sheepshead Bay. Yes: well, let me tell you something. Rogers worked Stuy. vesant for that race in company with Troubadour at the Gravesend track three days before the race. Troubadour had fully 125 pounds up. They went away together, and I give you my word that Stuyvesant was dead beat at the end of five furlongs, while Troubadour's boy was pulling and hauling him all over the course to keep him within bailing distance of the three-year-old. Now, when Stuyvesant could run in 1:40, what could Troubadour do?"

"That's all very well." broke in a listener, a trainer of national reputation, whose first lessons in the racing business were picked.up in Texas, the home of the quarter horse. "I'm willing to admit Troubadour's superiority for a mile, but I once saw a horse that could carry him off his legs for 600 yards; in fact, if it won't bore youll don't mind telling you of a

famous race this same horse ran ton years ago near the Alexican border.

"Go ahead, old man, lot's have it; if it's one of your own experiences we will enjoy it all the better," canne in a chorus grom the group.

"The horse I refer to was a quarter horse as famous in the South as any of those beauties on the walls here have been. He was a large bay, powerfully built, with immense stilles, and a driving power when in motion that reminded one of a powerful engine. I owned the borse in partnership with a friend, and we had beaten everything within hundreds of mice of where we lived, and were thinking of shipping him to California to make a match with a first they had out there, when word reached us that an old Maxican, who was as rich as Creans, and lived about fifty miles from the Mexican border in Texas, had a horse that had cleaned out everything in that vicinity, the officers of the fort near the old mans ranch being hopelessly in his debt through wagers lost in backing their thoroughtoeds against the old mans clinker. Reneated victories had made the Mexican confident that he possessed the fastest horse that ever stood on from and he was continually issuling challenges to all comers to race for any amount. After a consultation with my partner waxican being comers to race for any amount. After a consultation of the out of the consultation of th

peased. Act on exage ration to suit that four day present. Fare banks were connect on the cope prairie, and every species of rambing four sheet. He Mexican, in the mean time, iurishing an abundance of meat from his one-mous hords. Our horse was in good condition and we were confident of victory, but the Mexican and his followers, many of whom were from across the border, bet us to a stand-still, is: Two days before the race the Mexican took must be track and asked me to choose which must have should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on. I said it was immunity horse should run on the read of the occurrence until the afternoon of the day before the race, when my partner came into quarters out of breath and said that the Mexican had a hundred men at work on his path. I hurried there, and was speechloss to find that he had drawnia great quantity of chaparrai brush and piled it up at the staring point until it was fully fireen feet high. This was gradually sloped away facking orthogonal way form was built at the siar, and shoard containing the said of the runway on either side to keep him from swerving. I was wild with anger, but the horse's head ran the inlied ength of the runway on either side to keep him from swerving. I was wild with anger, but the well-and and the him from swerving. I was wild with anger, but the chapared had immarted to my opponent's path. You may be sure there was no love between the opponing factions after the discovery of the trick played upon us, and when we went to the course to run the race the next morning every man was armed. I shall never torget the race as long as I live. Drawn upon either sides of the paths were thousands of the most despend with the first he had bee